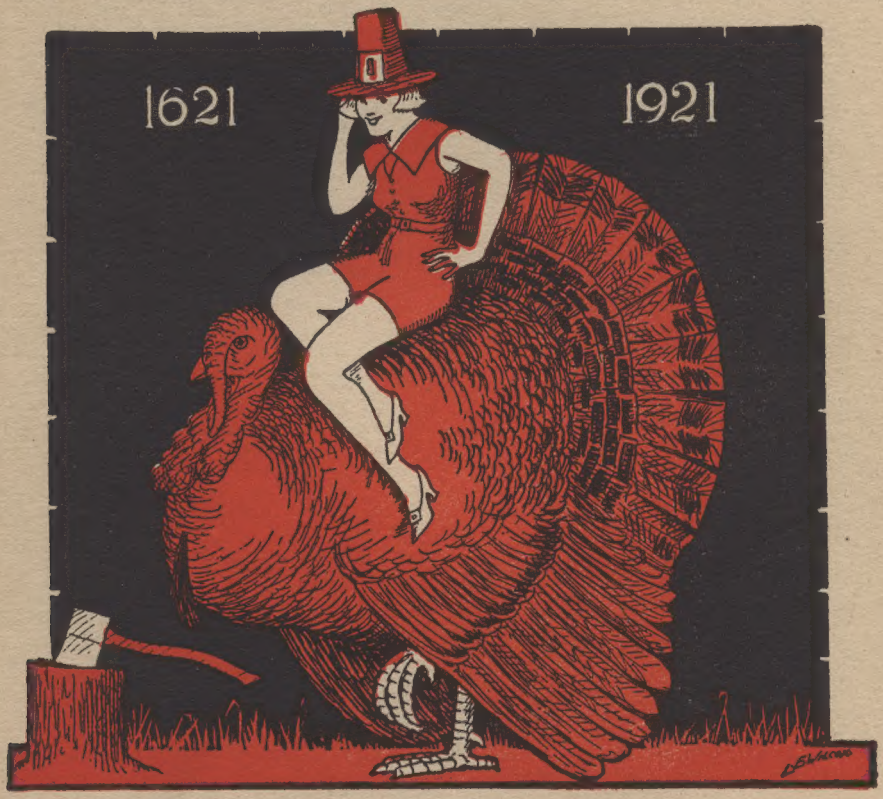
THE Quirt

Vol. 2 *NOV., 1921* *No. 33*



Two Dates---Two Birds!

25 Cents - - Year $3.00

THE QUIRT

VOL. II. *NOVEMBER, 1921* *NO. 33*

QUITE COSTLY

—Q—

He wrote that her eyes were a beautiful blue,
As the sky on a summer day;
He wrote that her hair was of golden hue,
Like the sunbeam's glorious ray.

He wrote that her lips were of crimson red,
As the cherries are in June;
He wrote that her beauty had gone to his head,
So she thought she would wed him soon.

But, alas!—he married another maid,
And when this news she heard;
She told him the rate for the letters returned,
Would be fifty dollars per word.

—Wendell M. Whiting.

———Q———

A lady residing in a small town wrote the "Questions Answered" editor of a metropolitan daily as per:

"Dear editor:—My conscience troubles me. I attended a party one evening last week, in company with a traveling man. We drank a quart of whiskey. Did I do anything wrong?"

And the the heartless wretch answered:

"I don't know. Can't you remember?"

HE'S A "WHO'S WHO!"

—Q—

INGO! Another one falls off the roost.

When Edward N. Breitung, millionaire mining engineer of Chicago and Marquette, Michigan, eased himself into little old New York, he thought he was safe in sashaying 'round pretty much as he got the hunch.

"Back hum, by Heck!" Ed was known as a straight-laced old fellow, who always put a quarter in the collection tureen every time he saw it going by (as he was slightly near-sighted, of course he missed it occasionally).

Well, anyway, Ed went to New York on a "business trip." He didn't like the hi-toned hash refectories, and the Astorlitz bunk-house he simple abhored, so he ambled out to a quiet little rooming house on Madison Avenue, where Mistress Nelly Kift stowed him safely away between genuine muslin sheets.

It would have been alright at that, only Mrs. Kift "forgot" and let more roomers register than she had accommodations for. She couldn't kick 'em out and:

Well, the coppers came.

Next morning Ed rubbed his eyes and wondered what had hit him. He was standing before a bar, but knowing New York was like the inside of a life-belt, he couldn't savey the "bar." The clerk was droning off a list of names and finally Ed heard him drone:—

"Edward N. Breitung, vagrant."

Old Ed's eyes almost pushed his glasses off. Him a bum! He squared his jaw and started to protest—but he didn't.

Better be charged with vagrancy than let the folks back home know he had been pinched while in the company of a plump young pullet; and Ed's jaw sagged back into place.

When the Judge learned who his "vag" actually was, he

nearly choked with wrath. He let two pair of adult tears trickle down his whiskers, to think the coppers who made the pinch, hadn't booked Ed on the same charge as they had the young ladies. But it was too late. Ed was hitting for the Michigan "sticks" as fast as steam would take him.

The young folks are "doing" ninety days. Mrs. Nelly, landlady, is no longer head matron at the Madison Avenue "rooming house" and Ed is no longer a "vagrant." "Who's Who"—the pamphlet in which all the Americans "worth knowing" are registered, declares Edward to be one of our choicest bits of bric-a-brac.

Those New York coppers will change their charge *when* they snare friend Edward again—but they won't.

———Q———

A Minnesota farmer who owned a small orchard, had, as a protective measure, erected a large sign near the road. It read: "Dangerous. Keep out. A bull."

One morning he found his orchard stripped and his sign changed. It read:

"Not dangerous. All Bull."

———Q———

The engineer slapp'd on his air
The fool tramp'd on the gas,
The relatives all gathered where
The parish priest said mass.

———Q———

I was arrested last night for impersonating an officer.

What did you do?

I rapped at a side entrance and drank the shot of booze they shoved out.

THE QUIRT

J. M. NEAR (The Old Man)
Editor and Publisher

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Entered as second class matter, April 18, 1920, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"It is said" that Fatty Arbuckle purchased an expensive home in Hollywood, California, not because he needed the wigwam or because of its structural beauty, but because there was a thirty thousand dollar stock of hooch in the basement. When the oil-tank gets out of limbo, that hooch will have all evaporated.

———Q———

Justice McNiell of the Oklahoma Supreme Court took a fall out of blatherskite Bill Sunday for the latter's slurring remark that "no court in the land could convict Fatty Arbuckle." The Judge has as well saved his wind. The only argument B. S. is capable of understanding, is the argument of much noise, heap abuse, vituperation, profanity and gutter-jargon. Justice McNiell, being a gentleman and a scholar, should refrain from recognizing the pulpit Shylock, leaving his chastisement to we rough-necks lower down on the intellectual ladder. By leaning far down and using a gas mask, we can prod that critter 'til he will be d—— glad to crawl back in his kennel.

"THERE'S A REASON!"

—Q—

WATCH the flicker advertisements in the "moulders of public opinion" sheets if you want to know why the soft pedal is being tramped on in the Arbuckle case. Watch 'em still closer if you wonder why there was nothing said about his escapade in Massachusetts earlier in the year. Watch 'em again, and wonder why the mysterious death of pretty Olive Thomas, only a few short months ago, was so deftly handled and so skilfully hushed up.

Watch 'em for the long write-ups and anxious requests for you to "think of the blameless lives of Katherine McDonold, Charles Ray and others." After you have watched a while, it will gradually dawn on you that:

The advertisers dictate the editorial policy of any sheet that depends on the revenue from its advertising columns to meet its payroll and expense accounts. That's why the "Old Man" has turned down some flattering offers for advertising space—there's none for sale in the *Quirt*. If we can't have bacon with our flapjacks without advertising kale, we'll gorge ourself with flapjacks, sans smoked hog.

We know—we all know—that there are honest people of cleanly, moral lives in the flickers—lots of 'em, lots of 'em! But we're plumb disgusted with the exhibition of custard-pie lushers, rubber-mugged libertines, brazen-faced biscuit shooters and undivorced divorcees as "stars." If some of these stew-bums, canary rushers and kitchen flirts didn't have a pull or a "perfect 36" they'd starve to death on fifteen flat ones per week.

———Q———

A little bit of moonshine
On a cold, and stormy night
Appears as rays of sunshine
To those that see it right.

A "PHYSICAL CULTURE CAMP"!

—Q—

NEVER mind phoning the steamship company—every berth's taken. Just outside the city of Trouville. France, the army of American hoboes that migrate to France every season, have been wondering why they weren't permitted to amble across a bit of shore-line property that was all staked off and tented.

For humanity's sweet sake, I'll expose the secret:

A few Parisian Apaches have dubbed that tent colony the "Aristocratic Harem."

Only those with elongated pedigrees or a bank-roll that would fill a steamer trunk, are to be found among the tenters. The balance of the race is outside the rail. Every tenter is a pullet as well as an aristocrat. She hoppeth as she listeth and weareth what she pleases—and she's easy to please.

There's more than a score of "her"—one to every tent. In the morning, she lifts the flap of her tent and takes a dew-drop bath. At midday, she takes a sun bath and when the shadows begin to fold up, she stays away from the water.

It was in the colony blue-print that every tent was to be provided with a clothes closet. Later, this was found to be unnecessary for there was nothing to hang in them.

I have neglected to state that every duckling is "compelled" to indulge in strenuous physical exercises at least once each day. These contortions consist principally in excluding all superfluous raiment; doing a Marathon around a cheese box; jumping over a rope held firmly on the ground; blowing soap bubbles and "doing a classical dance."

This, please understand, is their "physical culture" treatment.

Their "mental" gymnastics consist of reading the society news; crocheting kimonos out of cobwebs or massag-

ing a muscatine highball. Some of them, not all of them, are under a serious handicap because of a Parisian ordinance that emphatically prohibits a lady from appearing in public in anything less protective than a smile.

Is it necessary to add that no kitchen mechanics are to be found in this "select" colony!

If a few hash-herders would start a tent colony, where the most elaborate garment worn, was a coat of thin sunburn, the roar of the Puritans would drown the noise of the Heavenly orchestra, but let a crew of aristocratic warblers wallow in sand and sunshine, sans everything except "flowing tresses" and a nail file, and everything remains serene from the Potomac to Patagonia.

———Q———

Though he had an eye for beauty
He received an awful shock
When he realized his cutey
Had a face 'twould stop a clock.

———Q———

We have with us now a regular Sunday article called, "How I made Woodrow Wilson President," by Wm. Combs. What would interest us more than this ancient history would be a book on "How Volstead was made a Prohibitionist" by John B.

———Q———

It usta be "Wine, women, and song," and now it's "Bevo, your own wife and community singing."

———Q———

Before marriage we're a brute because we didn't catch her in our arms when she slipped and fell on the sidewalk. After marriage we growl: "Why th' hell don't you look where you're steppin' " when she flops against the concrete.

A "ROYAL" BLOW-OUT

—Q—

THERE'S a promise of a real show over in Europe next month—not a blow-up but a blow-*out*.

Another member of the American snobility is about ready to enter "an entangling alliance" with a princess of "royal blood."

Young Willyum Bee Leeds, who has been reported dead, dying and dissipated on numerous occasions has finally revived sufficiently to be led to the "haltar" by Princess Xenia of "Grease."

The young lady is slightly indisposed at present, having been bereft of part of her anatomy not long ago, while she was sojourning in a French hospital.

When she was first taken to the hospital, the saw-bones in charge didn't think she was afflicted with much of anything, but when he found out that she had some prospect of connecting with several American millions, *then* he discovered that she was a damsick woman. The operation, I am happy to state, was a howling success—from the saw-bones' viewpoint. One more operation and he can retire.

But at any rate, the Princess recovered, the Leeds' millions withstood the shock, and Willie will soon be decorating the palace parlor at Athens (or getting his biscuit hooks chewed up by some of the "tame" monkeys that roam through the palace jungles).

I am thrown into a spasm of unfiltered joy, that I am

able to announce that the presence of the "Do-wag-er" Empress will not mar the happy occasion. The old kid has promised to refrain from chewing snuff or expectorating on the floor while the ecclesiastic mug-wump is hitching Bill and Xenia to the matrimonial sulky.

To offset any unpleasantness that might arise, Constantine, the highest salaried decoration on the Grecian tax list, and the "clown prince" will send their regrets and a handsome present—they will of course be charged to the expense account of the ruling royalty.

This Xenia youngster sure has some pedigree, if I am not bungled in my cable. One of her ancestors was an honest-to-God "kink" and her Dad was at one time first cousin to the late lamented "Nicky" of Russia. I wonder at the bronze of the wop who exposed that limb of Xenia's family shrubbery, because "Nicky" and K. Willyum were also "cussins," a la Tommy Atkins' straw boss.

Among "other notables" who will attend the wedding at least until the "licker" is served, will be Prince Gawge of Greece. Gawge has been "champagning" over in France —got a little bungle-owe out in the rhubarbs of Paris where he hunts chickens by electric light. He's a hard working fellow, this Gawge. Made his money betting that Paris was a safer place than a front trench along the Turko-Grease-ho battle line. To date he's a big winner.

But there will be other attractions besides Gawge and the Do-wag-er Empress. There will be several hang-overs from the Czar Nicholas regime. They "hung-over," all over, Europe, hoping against hope that old Trotsky's bush-whackers would eventually get the hook. Some of them "hung over" too long, and as a result as soon as they finish scrubbing the supper dishes in the Parisian dairy lunch where they punch the Java faucet and carve garlic for the

soup, they will deodorize themselves, polish up their tiras, halos and gee-gaws and hot-foot it for Bill's wedding supper.

O, she's goin' to be a classy entertainment, all right—them things usually are! (You can put your own accent on that third word back.)

———Q———

A friend of mine attended a ball the other evening. I visited him at the hospital next day. I asked him what breed of gorillas he was herding with and he said: "O, they're all right. We had a swell time. It was one of them balls where, when the fight is over, a fellow runs 'round and asks 'whose nose is this?' I didn't have time to claim mine when the patrol buggy got there. Yeh, we had a swell time." Must have been out on Superior boulevard, eh, Rastus?

—Q—

Heard in our flat: "Well, dear, if we're not going out, I'll go in and put some clothes on."

—Q—

Before marriage we men send the "girl" flowers: After marriage, we give 'er the seeds so she can raise 'em herself.

—Q—

More Truth Than, etc.

In this here spot
Rests Deacon Skiller
He winked (and drank)
Some "Sas-perillar."

"SWEET DARDANELLA"

—Q—

IF YOU never read another issue of the *Quirt,* read the December number—at least "Abe's" story depicting the route girls must travel from the home hearth to filmdom—*if* they long to make that trip, and most girls do. In twenty years in the journalistic field, I have never "lamped" such picturesque slang as "Abe" ladles out, but the slangy phrasing only adds to his recital of "Sweet Dardanella's" metoric swoop and tragic fall, it detracts nothing from the story's telling and his bitter lashing of "sofa pups," "corner cooties" and "Fat Falstaf's" is the rarest bit of verbal-quirt work I have ever read. "Abe" is in on the ground floor. He knows whereof he speaks. He has seen "Sweet Dardanella's" come "to the city of unburied dead" with cheeks like roses—he has watched them when a few weeks later, they staggered away to oblivion, their faces haggard with much hooch and scanty food; their eyes hopeless and their chastity gone.

The parents of every girl should read "Abe's" "Sweet Dardanella" in the December number. If you can't afford to buy it of your newsdealer, borrow a copy. If you can't borrow one, let me know and I'll mail you a copy free of charge. Friend, *you've got to save that girl of yours!*

———Q———

Before we get'er, we tell her what lovely cake she bakes. After we've landed her, we cuss at her biscuits and growl at her steaks.

* * * * *

She: "What is the best thing to use to clean a carpet?"
Another She: "Your husband."

—Q—

Man proposes; woman disposes; marriage composes and divorce exposes.

BREAKING INTO THE FLICKERS

—Q—

A GRAFT that is slowly fastening its slimy tenacles on the public is that movie bull.

There are two ways of making the grade according to the *Sofa Pups* and the *Davenport Reptiles* who are launching this Spoof. One is to write "Soul Stirring *Dramas*" for the *Flickers*. "Any one can do it" so they say. This is the fake Scenario School that teaches Ash Pit Men, Motormen and Grave Diggers to write for the movies. It causes Swine Herders and Hoss Cuffas and some Muleteers to polish up on their journalistic ability to spill Strong Stuff for the screen. Even *Lawyers* have been known to fall for this silvery line of *abracadabra.*

The other is movie acting which has caused many a Fritter Bearer in a local Ham Cavern to go both wrong and blooey. Unsophisticated Wrens who have the Venus di Milo Avoirdupois are now giving attention to the training of a perfect 36 for close up's in bath room scenes in the Perforated Celluloid game. "Boys it's sure awful Java!" The strangest part of this sad affair is that the Brown Derby Gophers who advocate this ruff stuff are placing real *kushino* with bank cashiers, and the P. O. D. is doing another Rip Van Winkle.

A prominent French ink slinger about the time of the Commune in Paris remarked, "After Conquerors Come Thieves." Quite so! This is the reason that we now have with us the "Movie Four Flusher."

The "Hokum" that some of these birds have spilled about Dippy Dena peddling her first Scenario for 5,000 Fish has brought in revenue for many Grocerymen; and Dairy Hands still believe they can write scenarios. This Graft is popular with Old Maids who love to pen mushy stuff

about love sick swains and who delight in handing in such soul stirring bunc as "Black Bart" and "A Goat Herder's Love Affair."

The movie Acting Stunt of course draws the Buxom Wrens gone Flicker Mad, and the Percy's who jerk soda. Movie acting draws this class of folks much as sour beer draws flies.

After investigating some of these ribald outfits I find that the instigators as a rule are just figuring on overhead jack to tide the boys over a ruff winter, while on the other hand I have known some birds to have cleaned up enough to spend the winter in Honolulu sipping *Bino* under the cocoanut palms and watching the Nubian Fawns shake wicked *"shredded wheat;"* and when tiring of these Indoor Sports, cork off to the gentle swell of the South Seas and the lure of the *Ukelele.*

Most every Metropolitan Parish has its conservatory of Flickerism and if one is looking for it one can, as a rule, unearth a couple of Literary Dugouts in the shape of "Skenario School" and they all more or less pick up stray guilders from Nutts. Onion Shack owners have started a movement to eradicate the movie school nuisance because it is separating them from their Star Hashers.

Any one who is playing clear of the State Squirrel Cage ought to know that these birds are the Bunc. They have never been any nearer to a legitimate Motion Picture Co. than the scissorbill who "mills" this effusion, has been to the planet *"bushwa."* The lure of the mirror screen and the constant longing to hear a *Pathe* clicking about two feet leeward and a Sweet Daddy calling in a bass *voice* "Great stuff, Lena! Now let's see you register," seems to be drawing the Muffs from pushing Mocha and rushing Oolong.

Old maids and widows aspire to authorship, some to keep the jackal off of the piazza, others for fame, and others

for pure cussedness. "Take it from me, Martin," it's a hard road to the movies. Brains count for nothing and one has to have a drag with some "*highjacker,*" higher up; and I know of nothing better for the purpose of securing this down hill "drag," than a perfect 36. Well, here's wishing you well, girls, but you're going to find it a long way back to the Pie Counter. The best way to lamp the Flickers, is in a seat in the Local Nickleodeon, sitting beside some Pipe Fitter who has a six room bungalow and a white gas-range, and who will give you the evening ozone in the mechanical cockroach with the form of a flivver, after the crockery has been dried and put away.

—"Abe."

———Q———

Parson Slummer: "My dear sister, would you like to join our new missionary movement?"

Miss a la Mode: "I'm game! Is it anything like the fox-trot?"

—Q—

If evening gowns were to speak for themselves, they'd have little to say.

—Q—

We got our Liberty in 1776, but in 1921 we have to go to Canada to enjoy part of it.

—Q—

"Could you love a girl if she was as pretty as a picture?"

"Yes,—if she had a good "frame!"

—Q—

When a girl marries a rich man, she gets a "Twin-six." When she marries a rough-neck she gets "six-twins."

THEM GOL-DINGED PIES

—Q—

I'm hate, abhor, detest, despise
Them sickly lookin' dried apple pize
I like good bread, an' I sure love meat
Er enything 'at's good tu eat;
But uv all bum grub beneath th' skies,
Th' bumest uv all, iz apple pize!
Gimme th' tooth ache 'r sore eyes,
But don't slip me no apple pize.
Th' farmer takes hiz orneriest fruit,
(It's wormy, bitter an' hard tu boot)
'N he leaves th' husks tu make us cough,
'N takes 'bout half th' peelin' off;
'N then on a dirty string it's strung
'N in th' garret winder's hung,
Tu swing, 'n form a roost fer flies,
Until it's made up inter pize.
Stomp on my corns' n tell me lies,
But keep yer gol-dinged apple pize.

—Bliss.

———Q———

They've conserved so much on cloth that people can now read the serial numbers of "Milady's" bank roll, even though it be in the "First National."

—Q—

The girls now show about everything but their ears and judgment.

—Q—

It's funny how a year of married life will shorten the duration of a five-minute hug to one-fifth of a second.

—Q—

The choir will now render the sweet old favorite of the "bar-rail brigade, entitled "Whispering."

A MIRRORED MESS

—Q—

HOMER WALLACE FREE, a Chicago traveling man, is "in Dutch" simply because he didn't know that a mirror was loaded.

Homer's wife was slightly indisposed, but the pill specialist said she needed the services of a trained nurse. Homer Wallace knew just the right party. Fact is, he had known her quite a while and plenty.

No sooner had the doctor closed his yap after passing out the verbal "get 'er quick" signal, than Homer was hot-footing down the boulevard to the home of Yarda Nelson.

The next morning, Ma Free hoisted herself up on one elbow and took a look in the reflector. What she saw made her eyes protrude. Homer Wallace had nurse Yarda almost squeezed in two. He was doing the polar bear hug—both arms and his feet braced.

Yarda wasn't fighting any to notice, although she was issuing wheezy bulletins to the effect that Homer was chewing her neck a trifle too hard.

Instead of the shock causing the invalid to suffer a relapse, it scooted her down the road of health so fast that she found she could dispense with the professional services of nurse Yarda that same afternoon.

As soon as she was able to slide into her slippers. she called on her legal advisor. That gentleman shook a hoof p. d. q., with the result Homer Wallace became a defendant in a racy divorce action. He tried to lie out of it and might have made the grade if nurse Yarda had been more careful of her second-hand correspondence. One letter in the flowing chirography of Homer dumped the matrimonial Bostons. It read:

"Sweetheart: Believe me, it's hell to be away from you without receiving a line. When are you

going to write? I only wish you could be with me, for all I think of day and night is yourself, and all I do is to anticipate the days to come that we will spend together. Love and kisses. I am always yours, H."

Which same indicates that Homer knew whereof he spoke when he sayeth to the invalid: "Keepeth thy nightie on, sick one. I goeth as a blue streak for the best on my list."

Beats H—, doesn't it? A man may have a wife that has old lady Venus pushed off the map for looks and form, but still he'll rave and run after some slab-sided old Jezebel with a face that would throw a frozen switch and a form like a feline cadaver.

———Q———

They tell me that just last week at
The Bootleggers' Convention
They took the lead and then agreed
To grant Volstead a pension.

———Q———

The girls of today don't show their love like the girls of olden times did, but—

They make up for it by showing most of their anatomy.

—Q—

Hasn't it struck you forcibly, that a majority of people have their eyes in a very weak spot?

—Q—

The depths of loneliness: A safety razor in Russia.

"VERA" THE MALE GIRL

—Q—

WELL, they've found another one! Another what? Why, a male youth that ambled along for 21 years before he made the discovery that he wasn't a gushing young female girl!

A few months ago, a Nebraska newspaper man "found" one of these human mavericks near the outskirts of Omaha, where he had been living some twenty odd years, trail-herding doggies into Omaha stockyards every fall, and yet unaware that there were such things in the world as women, girls, babies or baseball. He was, according to all accounts, in total ignorance of Henry Ford's commandment-breaker, the advent of the safety razor or bacteria lurking in a seductive smack.

When he wised-up to all these, he tore for a barber shop; shed his lilacs, bought a nail-file, two cents worth of gum and a ticket for the movie show. Soon as the film quit flickering, he started hunting for an Eve. His recovery was rapid and doubtless complete.

The new one spent the first 21 years of his existence on the little island of Ocracoke "somewhere" off the mainland of Virginia. For years he trotted along the same path that all girls travel. He wore skirts, banged his hair, lisped, cold-creamed his freckles and learned to make fudge.

I don't know what his Ma taught him to do with his Chauncey Depew's when they started out to wave in the ocean breeze, but I assume the old lady mopped them with

that alleged "hair-remover" that smells loud and angry enough to make a polecat sick.

One day the old lady decided to take the giddy young thing with her on a window-shopping tour of Norfolk. That's where she lost her dimpled darling!

In one of the barber shop windows little innocent "Vera" saw a picture of Fred Fulton the "prize fighter" and Billy Sunday, the Devil bluffer. The whole world began to wabble for "Vera."

Two windows further on and her eyes ran against the "latest thing in gowns." There wasn't much of it, but it gave "Vera" a decided shock. A near-beer signal, a little further on, made her lick her lips. A newsie trying to inhale two camels at once and she threw up the sponge. She knew she wasn't a girl!

She insisted that Ma take her to a hash rack. The blonde waitress who took the order, leaned lightly against "Vera's" shoulder. Right there's where Ma lost a she-child.

She bunched the old girl and hired out as a purveyor of meat-scrap hash, spuds and pie. She lasted at that place two months, but they were real months. At the close, "Vera" rowed back to the island and Ma. He was "shocked," so he alibied, by the antics of men and women. They were too tough for "Vera." They shocked his-her, island ideas of propriety. Some of 'em smoked, most of 'em cussed, and they all chewed gum. Some of 'em wore knickerbockers, some of 'em short skirts, but they were all reckless. So "Vera," the boy who had ambled through 21 years of a quiet island life, is back among the gulls.

I love a liar, a real, artistic, jovial liar, but the crude Ananias who sprung the twin to that Omaha yarn—"The life and adventures of 'Vera,' the he-child"—makes me blush for the profession.

THE NUDE—"FOR ART'S SAKE"

—Q—

IF YOU think the old bare-dances of the demi-monde aren't staging a come-back, Ikey, you are mistaken; but they're coming back under different cognomens and conditions than when they went away!

In the old days when Madam wanted to entertain lavishly and languidly, a coterie of her closest friends (and officials) she made no attempt to secure advance notice of the social event through the medium of the daily press. Times shore have changed, times shore have changed.

Ted Shawn, "nudity in the nude" celebrity, quite recently was accorded a quarter page in the Minneapolis *Tribune* —that ultra puritanical old journalistic cuckoo of the N. W. —in which he explained in nauseating detail the entire formula of his demi monde dance. I will let the Shawn person twitter a few verses:

> ". . . A performer with the highest motives and a devout love of beauty can dance in the nude without giving offense to any except those who are determined beforehand to be shocked."

Back up a few lines, Emma, and lean against that "devout love of beauty" punk! That's the same identical warble that the old Madam used to pass out to the occasional judge. There was nothing at all immoral in the bare-dances the old buzzard staged, *except* to those of unclean minds, and Madam, mind you, had a *very* cleanly mind but a hell of a reputation!

While we are taking another reef in our ji'boom, Shawn will entertain us with one more stanza:

> "Four years ago, when I joined the army, I prohesied that within 10 years I should be able to dance entirely nude on the stage, and was laughed at. But I think I shall be able to try it soon."

By Gosh, I believe he will! I see nothing to prevent his putting on the nude shimmy—nothing whatever! There are scores of "fashionable" clubs, homes and hostelries, where he will be gladly and vociferously welcomed, but he'll have to step some *if he shows the congregation anything new in the bare-dance line!* That half page of advertising in the news columns of the *"Trib"* should provide Shawn with all the press publicity he will require from now until old man Time puts sand in his joints.

But Shawn doesn't want the rabble, the mob, the G. P. otherwise and occasionally known as the "general public" to watch his first few performances. Being a canny cuss, he kens what the result would be, and by his own confession, he was an invalid for several years of his already young life and he wouldn't care to repeat!

"It will be before picked audiences at first, people who love beauty" ad lipstick, ad liverwurtz, etc. Bah!

Any old time rounder, when he reads Shawn's songlet will be ready to take oath that old Madam's back again! The same old chirp, the same old chorus and the same old stock-phrases that Madams, since the birth of the red-light nation have chirped, chortled and sung. Not even a variation! Not one new note!

Madam's "art in the nude" affairs were, without exception, staged before "picked audiences"—audiences carefully picked and invariably pickled. In every instance the audience had no hesitation in agreeing with Madam's declaration that love of "art" alone prompted her to give that highly refined and mentally illuminating party. Shawn hands out the same line of bunc!

Madams had the same vision a thousand years ago, that Shawn had four years ago—only Madam didn't have the columns of a "great moral journal" through which to scatter the high-lights of *her* "vision!"

In a feeble attempt to bolster up his sensuous belief and demoralizing doctrine, Shawn babbles about "The Marquesans who were ruined by the clothes and rum brought to them by the whites."

He neglects, for obvious reasons, to state that with every shirt, there went a Bible and a bottle of rum; with every pair of pants, went a bottle and a Bible. And he dare *not* say what he knows to be a truth, that it wasn't the *clothing* that ruined the Marquesans, and possibly it wasn't the cheaply printed Bibles, but it was the *rum* and the *traffic* that followed the white man's trail, that brought tribal extinction to the Marquesans, just as it brought practical extinction to the American Indian.

After resting a few paragraphs during which the *"Trib"* space specialist tooted his whistle for a sentence or two, Shawn rambles on:

> "I should not advocate any sudden general plunge into the nudity event if the weather permitted."

I would hate to advise him to! I wouldn't want to shoulder the responsibility! I am suspicious that the general public would take his general plunge seriously—and stupidly manhandle it. I have a hunch which I am not at all sure isn't "divine," that "things would come his way" before the end of his first act.

I'm not a prude. I hate one of that breed more than the fabled Devil ever hated holy water, but when I attempt to express my utter disgust of anything or things, who, boasting of their "culture and refinement," attempt to justify lewdness or camouflage licentiousness under the flimsy pretext of "art," I find my vocabulary too limited.

The world is a seething cess-pool of lechery now. Bawds of both sexes parade their questionable charms; growing more and more bold in their advances as the pro-

test of the decent element of society becomes more and more feeble. Bare legs we can stand; undressed shoulders, we can tolerate, but when it comes to shedding the entire buckskin, we refuse to stand hitched. We are willing to admit that bare-dance Shawn can find his "picked audiences"—Madam did. He will find his acts applauded—Madam did. His excuse will meet with the glad hand from many quarters —Madam's did. I see no difference, except that Madam was cheated out of a lot of free advertising by our "great moral journals"—Shawn isn't.

———Q———

"What is the best way to 'take life easy?' "
"Get careless with gasoline."

—Q—

Drinking near-beer is like dancing with your wife; you don't give a cuss how soon the party breaks up.

—Q—

Obey the law if you can, but if you can't, then watch out for the "dry" agent.

—Q—

If some reformers had their way
We couldn't do a thing
Except to fold our arms and say
Oh death, where is thy sting.

—Q—

If a guy rides in a Ford nowadays, he stands a chance of getting pinched for "rushing the can."

SQUATTY PARBUCKLE

—Q—

SWATTY SQUASHRUCKLE, the big, fat, greasy ham who has rubber-faced his way to fortune via the film route is having his own pet frets these bright Autumn days.

The smile that used to fox-trot over the vast expanse of his Rand-McNally, fox-trots no more. The funny little wrinkles that used to snuggle up under his little-pig orbs are gone and their places have been filled with puckers that look like turkey-buzzard tracks.

The reason is not hard to find. The future instead of being filled with fat contracts, is decorated with visions that run 50-50 between a dangling noose and a San Quentin nest.

In years gone by, Swatty was a half-orphan. He had a Dad but a second-hand mother. The old lady, while she had a brood of her own, treated the rotund brat she had won at the matrimonial raffle, as though it were human and her own. She fed it, clothed it and when it developed everything from dirty ears to mumps, she catered to its needs and wants and ills.

And then it grew to be a bar-boy—after serving an apprenticeship as a cuspidor wrangler in Barbary Coast tonki-honks. One day the suds-slusher made a grimace that struck a stewed chord of humor in a film promotor's

dome. From that grin on, Swatty's every grimace meant a bigger slab of "pie."

When he used to stow his pedals under his "step-ma's" kitchen center-piece, he never failed to acknowledge her existence by at least a growled order for more "flap-jacks;" but after the bronze cuspidors had been left far enough in the rear, he put moth-balls in the "shanty-town" past and let the old lady rasp jazz music and bread and butter out of the corrugated upper deck of a wash-board.

Then came Volstead. The fat bar-boy "comedian" smiled. Like a million others of his ilk, he had "Q.S." to last 'til the tide came in.

And a few weeks ago, in company with a few boon companions and lounge cooties of his own and the opposite sex, he staged a "party" in his expensive suite of rooms at a Fran Sisco hostelry—one of those aristocratic joints where Moll's of curbstone training are thrown to waiting coppers and bawds of limousine and pedigree throw themselves at monied lazarets.

As the contraband hooch penetrated deeper and deeper through the layers of grease, Swatty's pig eyes lingered more amorously on the graceful form of one of his "guests" —a "star" in the world through which the fat-one had oozed his pachydermic way.

Gradually the gauze-like veneer of civilization peeled off and the brute-lust of a gorilla over-powered him. The girl, her brain fogged by the fumes of liquor, staggered with a maudlin smile through the door of an inner room.

What happened there "the world that cares" will never know.

In the room adjoining, drunken revelers drowned with ribald laughter the girl's cries for help. When at last she broke away from the hulking brute's mad embrace and swayed unsteadily out through the door, the sight half

sobered the pickled gang.

The former Barbary Coast bar-boy had done his fiendish work well. The tender throat was purpled with bruises. The flimsy evening gown was torn to shreds. Into the depths of eyes that a few moments before had sparkled with excitement and mirth, there was forming the film of death. And a few days later, gentle hands carried all that was left of another Bacchacic revelry victim, to the morgue.

And the fat squab? Why, he slouched away. His small brain was still dulled by the fumes of hooch. His pig eyes were still bleary and his rubber mugg drawn tight in a snarl of defeat. Out into the night he roared in his gasoline palace car. But they brought him back and stowed him away. His fat face has lost much of its former elasticity. Instead of a future filled with film flickers, he can see a future pretty evenly divided between dangling loops of rope and dreary dungeons. He isn't at all happy.

He doesn't spend his time in bemoaning the fate of the girl who lost her life in his suite of rooms at the Fran Sisco hostelry—he wails and weeps because his hulk of grease is shrinking. He doesn't see nor feel the enormity of his crime—he sees and feels only the buzzard tracks under his eyes growing deeper and deeper.

Some day—but it's a long day off—the film public will eradicate the Swatty Parbuckles from their ranks. They will either do that, clean out the Augean stables of filmdom, else Public Opinion will clean it for them.

———Q———

If a baker went crazy, would that make his dough —nuts?

—Q—

Friend: "Does your wife miss you much?"
Old Timer: "Nope. Her aim is perfect."

AMENDMENT 18

—Q—

MRS. ORA CADWALLADER is over 70 years old. She has white hair and spectacles which she pushes up amidst her thin locks. She is a grandmother.

She was before United States Judge Bledsoe charged with selling liquor at her store in Wilmington. The police said she was ruining the morals of the harbor longshoremen. She pleaded guilty and the law must take its course.

"I am an old woman, judge, and can't work. My children have left me. I wanted to get a little money to buy a tent so I could pick walnuts. The store didn't pay and I couldn't pay my bills. Please don't send me to jail," she pleaded, as the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks.

Lawyers and spectators alike had an apparent attack of hay fever, while Judge Bledsoe discovered that he had use for his handkerchief. However, the law must be upheld, so she was sentenced to jail for four months.

"Please don't let my girls know of it," she whispered, as she was led away.

———Q———

The stills are still in Tennessee
But natives there are lucky
For there's a place called Jamboree
Right over in Kentucky.

———Q———

Money is not everything in the world, but it makes things a lot more convenient.

SQUIRREL FODDER

—Q—

THE aristocrats have instituted a new game over in Europe. I mean *our* aristocrats, not the native snoblets of Europe, but *ours*, the milionaire bums who auto over the Flanders' roads that our boys *fought* over.

Alfred Black, a manufacturer of Pittsburgh, that city where if you want to see the sunshine, you've got to leave town, sprung the new "game" on the toad-eaters. It consists of eating meals on the installment plan.

Black, manufacturer Black, loads a party of choice spirits into his petrol sulky and they start out on an eating tour.

They get a bowl of soup at Montmarte, load up on the oiled aqua and hit the grit for the Cafe de Paris where they take on a cargo of codfish balls, irrigated with a few schooners of French wine.

As soon as the wine starts fussing with the codfish, they start on their way rollicking and rejoicing. There's a "famous restaurant" out near Madeleine where the bull-cook specialized on infant bovines browned to a turn. Black manufacturer Black of Pittsburgh, pulls the bell cord and the gang unloads for a kettle of roast calf. The irrigation project is further promoted and the buss heads for Camp Elysees where there's always a chicken coop braced up against the kitchen.

As soon as the chef hears manufacturer Black's siren, a rooster goes flopping, headless, up the stairs to chicken paradise. By the time the Black party gets "het up" with hooch, Brer. Cockerel is ready to do warfare with the combination of thin soup, codfish balls, calf remnants and red wine.

From the Champs Elysees, as soon as the chicken is packed away, the party drives to a truck garden over on

the Seine. The gardener's old woman always has a carrot mulligan in hock and the vegetable sections are stuffed out smooth. From the turnip refectory they trek on to a salad emporium at or near Place de la Concorde, where they load up some more, not forgetting the irrigation project. From thence they hie away to a Dago fruit closet in Arc de Triomphe, where "da taka da banan." By that time, it's noon and they are pretty well stuffed.

It's a "swell" game, alright! The players start out with soup at Montmarte and wind up with a bun on at the Paris bunk-house. "No meal is complete without nuts," I hear some scissorbill remark. Well, Bo, that one was! They didn't need any squirrel fodder: They were *it*.

—Q—

A WOMAN charged with being found in a disorderly house, was haled before a judge, who was noted, not only for his knowledge (!) of law and its niceties, but for a face that would stop a clock. The officers who had made the arrest were willing to testify that the woman had taken lodging in the place in company with her six year old daughter, without knowledge of its character.

As the woman stepped before the bar of "justice" and before a word could be spoken in her behalf, the small one piped up in a shrill whisper that could be heard above the courtroom's roar:

"Mama, mama, he's got a face just like Aunt Mary's doggie, ain't he, mama?"

"Sixty days" snapped the disciple of Blackstone and "Mama" went up to the works.

—Q—

Bill often pulls a good one though
He's neither bright nor clever
He says reformers may come and go
But booze goes on forever.

TOUGH LUCK!

—Q—

EVELYN NESBIT-THAW, erstwhile "actress," at "thiswhile," operating a "tea room" at West Fifty-second Street, New York City, is having her own little frets.

A few weeks ago, Evelyn stepped out into the hall of her apartment above the "tea room" when she declares two roughly dressed men grasped her rudely and "insulted" her. I wonder what the Heck they said!

Never having been "insulted" before, Evelyn squawked, scratched and otherwise made herself disagreeable, whereat the brutes fled, flew and made themselves scarce. Evelyn made her room in two jumps and phoned the police. By the time the flatfeet got there the scent was cold and Evelyn had cooled off.

The next evening or two after that, Evelyn had another narrow escape. She had grown cautious about stepping boldly out in the hall—she didn't want another "insult" bellowed in her ears. Just as she started to sever connections with the door knob, she spied *several* men loafing in the same dark hall.

But they were coppers—sent to oust her for non-payment of tearoom rent, etc. (mostly the latter).

Again the phone, on which she had fortunately paid the rent. This time she wept to her heartless and rentless landlord. That gentleman told her she could hang on by an eye-winker until the tea business panned out better. The cops obeyed her "shoo, you naughty men" and to-date, Evelyn has had nothing new to break into print with except the "fact" that a burglar jimmied a window of her private den and swiped therefrom, some high-priced junk.

In the good old days, when Evelyn's white shoulders were used as a switching post by a long departed Stanford

White, the thinnest thing that sweet Evelyn ever heard of and *never* drank was t-e-a. Times sure do change! From chorus girl to millionaire's pet; from pet to "star" in the nation's most sensational murder trial; from a palatial private car to a padless seat in a jitney bus; from imported champagne to "old maids' solace" is a long, tough trail—but Evelyn's made the trip and she's still going.

———Q———

Flo Zeigfield has just discovered that beauty is not only skin-deep but also knee-high.

* * * * *

If the times stay as they are, what will the petticoat and corset manufacturers do?

* * * * *

Clothes have made many a man, but it's not so with the bathing beauty.

* * * * *

De Wolf Hopper states that people are seen staggering from their cellars with grief since booze has raised in price and taste.

* * * * *

Lady had a hen that lays eggs without any shells. We might say that they weren't lost, but just mislaid.

* * * * *

"Golden" hair is sometimes very expensive to a man—if it's on a chorus girl.

WOOF! WOOF!

—Q—

SHY off, boys! Blatherskite Bill Sunday has broken out again. I mean Bill the biblical bunco man—the raw-meat minister—the foul-mouthed demagogue who in language that would shame a gutter-rat, professes to teach the lessons taught by the Lowly Nazarene.

A short time ago, the scion of an Evanston parson was jugged in California, charged with having sifted a handful of buckshot through the hide of a millionaire broker and with such glorious success that the choir sang softly and the organist held both feet on the soft pedal in the broker's home.

Sunday Bill had been off the front pages of our "great moral journals" for many moons, and he longed to yap at the rabble. It is "meat and drink" to the cursing pulpiteer, the thing called "publicity."

Down to the stout-house he sailed with "Ma" on his arm. Staged for effect, he met the sire of the cell occupant out in the front yard (where the camera rustlers had an unobstructed view). And then Bill's jaw started to wag. He had once played ball with some of the shot-gun specialist's ancestors or relatives and the "boy" was innocent and what God didn't do for the kid, B. S. would.

For a few weeks Bill vanished from the front pages. Recently old greasy Arbuckle was stowed away in a steel cell. That was the cue for the king of pulpiteering pedagogs to step forth.

He rushed down to see the hulk of human oil. Sure he knew Fatty; played ball with him or with some of his ilk on the Holywood diamond; he threw his face wide open in announcing that Fatty was the "best comedian" in American film life and then he wound up with: "No court in the land can convict Fatty Arbuckle." And Bill Sunday is a "minister of Gawd!" Fortunately there aren't many like him.

The girl, for causing whose death, Arbuckle "languished in durance vile," was, according to old woof! woof! of Devil-fighting fame, largely to blame for being now absent from the hooch-hurtler's colony in the San Fran' hostelry. She went there, so he avers, of her own volition, which is doubtless true. She piped up with evident gusto, lapping up her share of the anti-Volstead TNT. Bill insinuates that none of the stuff was funneled down her neck; and that she freely accompanied old tallow-pot into the privacy of his room—which same, while it may be true, shows the depths to which some bipeds will sink in their defense of Bacchanalian libertines.

The best one could say for the gob of living grease, Arbuckle, is that he was too beastly drunk to be responsible for his acts; but when an ordained minister can find no other way in which to defend a drunken, beastial bum, than to defame the character of the victim of a brutish lust, then one is entitled to one's own opinion of that "defender"—and mine cannot be expressed in words.

———Q———

She used to play the juveniles
At the age of eight or ten
Since time has changed her age to styles
She only plays old men.

SERVICES RENDERED

—Q—

THE next time that Gawge Edward Joseph, a New York City "counselor at law" gets mushy with a she-client, he won't. At least he won't mush over the Western Union wires.

Gawge was employed by Pauline Frederick, motion picture "star" in the capacity of "counsel." Gawge thought the contract bound him to "role" as chief musher and he softened up wonderfully.

Pauline was at that time, trying to unload Bill Mack, a husband she had accumulated and didn't want and Gawge was supposed to slide the skids under Bill and dump him in the sluice-way. He started out alright, but before he had the unloading half complete, he was goofy. His fair client had gone to his head. Instead of wallowing through musty law books to find a precedent or ancient formula for ditching undesirable pie-cards, he was slushing around through a lover-letter writer's correspondence school.

Pauline hadn't lit in Los Angeles until Gawge had a rush message frittering over the juiced string. It read:

"Pauline, thou loved and lovely queen of all the land that might have been, thy gracious, radiant smile illuminates every weary mile."

After getting all that out of his system Gawge felt—worse. A few minutes later he shot over another:

"Wretched because no wire today."

That improved his condition. He "chirked up quite a spell."

But he had it bad. He lingered along for a few days and then he:

"Forgive it. Am smiling now, but saw red for a moment. Won't you say something in your next

wire? This goldfish privacy of communication is maddening. Always, George."

Now Gawge saw nothing "red" in New York. He might have, had he been in Albany or over at Atlantic City, but not in New York! They allow nothing of a scarlet tinge to hang around the ex-Tammany hamlet—everything's blue but the sky.

One morning, and possibly it was another of those "mornings after the night before," Gawge woke up with an awful sensation. He thought it was a "broken heart" but it was nothing but a bilious liver. He started to ring the breakfast bell but changed his mind and punched the button for the W. U. errand boy instead.

While the youth was dodging traffic at a messenger boy's speed limit, Gawge was pulling this one (sent "rush"):

"Good morning, wonder girl; am praying that quest of the new freedom brings tomorrow."

It did. It also brought other days. They're still coming, but the "wonder girl's" fading away.

"A fool," did I hear you say he was? No! Not foolish—just a simple old pappy. No doubt that, being a woman, Pauline smiled at the old sap-head; maybe she let a stray curl ramble across his stubbly jaw; perhaps he got a nose full of an Asiatic flower-garden odor; maybe she tickled him under the chin just to hear him cackle.

But what's the use. He won't know any better next time. The masculine element never learns. It got started out wrong. Adam—you remember old Dad Adam and what happened to him? Well, all the boys took after the old man.

TWO "PARTIES"—ONE DEATH

—Q—

AT THIS writing it resembles the get-away of Fatty, at least, from the charge of murder. He has been released on a bail less than is usually assessed against a chicken thief or a purveyor of contraband hooch. Verily, greasy shale tokens scattered by a kike breeze worketh miracles!

Had the party in the aristocratic St. Francis, been staged in a less "noted" hostelry by a bunch of rough-necks; had Virginia Rappe been a ribbon counter bailiff and old grease gob a gasoline nurse in a flivver hospital, what a different chorus the journalistic brothers would have sung!

Among the loud portraits hung on the front pages of the jaundiced journals during the grand opening, the dead girl's clothing was in shreds and tatters. We are now shown mild word-pictures of a flimsy gown with scarcely a rent in its gossamer folds.

We are left to draw our own conclusions—and they are not pleasant ones; we do not absorb satisfaction from our contemplation of this virtual escape of a lecherous libertine.

Men who commit no more heinous crimes than pilfering a bulging pocket or stewing a home brew, are daily "punished" and hourly hunted—yet this great hulk, with his millions, with his "pull," staging "parties" at which young women are stripped of their clothing and robbed of their chastity, steps from beneath the gallow's shadow without a protest from the journalistic bawds.

The fact that a few female fools rushed to grasp his fat hands as he was released on a paltry bail, was bruited far and wide and with undue prominence by our "great moral journals"; but the hisses that greeted him by the decent

element of his home-town, were passed over with a line or two.

Only a few days back, a public prosecutor in the state of Massachusetts was removed from office by the Governor of that state—what for?

For using his official position to hush up the nauseating details of a drunken debauchery *staged by the same clique of libertines that Arbuckle trains with!* It was charged and apparently proven, that the participants in that Bacchanalian festivity, pursued the same course in "disrobing wrens" as was later followed by the gang at their San Francisco party, with the difference that no "beautiful and talented" young woman met her death. To put the quietus on the Massachusetts orgy, more than one hundred thousand dollars was "judiciously expended" and fat palms were crossed and recrossed with flicker sil'er.

If it required a hundred thousand smackers, and the reputation of a public official to keep the principals of that Eastern debauch out of prison and their names out of print, will some wise Jerry kindly mathematic the shekels it will be necessary to expend in pushing down tight the soft felt pedal on the journalistic strings in this latest tragedy of the film libertines? If it cost one-tenth of a million to hush the Eastern affair de putrid up and keep some of its promotors out of the hooch-gow, how many tenths will be forthcoming to preserve the grease of the Fat Boy from oozing away in a Folsom or San Quentin cell? It's your guess, James, and you can't miss.

———Q———

Some folks claim that love is blind
Yet that is hard to believe
For styles nowadays cause girls to find
It harder to deceive.

A JERSEY CITY JUDGE

—Q—

JUDGE SWAYZE of Jersey City must have heard the whine of the reformer clan. He recently advised the Hudson County G. J. to "determine" whether the Dempsey-Carpentier mitt-cuff was a prize fight or a boxing match. If the former, then Swayze wants the whole works indicted, soaked and otherwise made to suffer great financial agony.

Admitting that he didn't exude any heat into a ring-side seat at the mitt festival, Swayze declares that he's "got an impression" that affair was a genuine mauler's marmalade.

There is just one branch of the human family that emits that "brutal exhibition" odor stuff, and that pestiferous minority is the professional crepe-hanger's club—the reform element; the scissorbills who always butt in and who never pay; the yappers whom the world would forget, gladly, if it were not for their eternal rapity-rap against every form of sport or pleasure.

But Swayze has been misinformed. He "took" the wrong impression. It wasn't "really a fight"—it was an "inevitable." Let me explain to "hizzonner."

Just before hell broke loose in Europe, a Frenchman who could skip a rope without hooking it on his chin every time he tried to step through the whirling hemp, became obsessed with the idea that "God, in His Infinite wisdom" had ordained him high cockalorum in the fistic world. He punched a few rookies over the ropes into dreamland with such ease and precision that he got chesty. He climbed out on the back porch of Frogland and crowed that he was the one and only *"IT."*

Just about that time a hod-carrier from this state was swinging his flails and wobbling his lower jaw. He couldn't

lick his lips, but he wanted to take on the pea-soup. We wanted him to—not that we loved the Frenchman more, but our fellow "statesman" the less. We had a sneaking hope that the Frog would bounce a five ton wallop against his lantern jaw and anesthetize his aspirations for keeps.

As I coyly remarked, hell broke out in Europe and our local dreams went glimmering. The Frog got a job hunting Huns. There is no record of his having bagged any, but he eventually came home. He crowed louder than ever. He wanted a licking and couldn't get it in Europe. Swayze, there's a lot of things Europeans have to come to the U. S. A. to get, and if they've got the price and can stand the gaff, they are always accommodated.

Carpentier came over here for something—he got it and re-embarked.

It wasn't a "fight" it was the fulfillment of a prophecy; the end of a cherished dream; the awakening of a deluded Frenchie; the "inevitable" that I recently mentioned; the same course of treatment that we twice had to hand, only on a larger scale, to Cousin Jonathan Bull. But it wasn't a fight, Judge—possibly because Carpentier didn't know how.

Now listen, Judge, to a word or two of friendly advice:

I like you, not because I know you, but because I don't, but you aren't pinning any additional laurel sprigs to the judiciary's crown, by parroting the gibberish of the chisel-headed reformers. I'll bet you a box of cascarets that within your jurisdiction, there are individuals and conditions that are in more urgent need of G. J. investigations, than the Dempsey-Carpentier "fight" promotors.

Go after 'em, old boy, go after 'em.

JUS' LIFE! JUS' LIFE!

—Q—

THE "meanest man on earth" has at last been located. The rascal's home town is, as might be expected, New York and his parents taught him to answer to the family name of Stelger.

Stelger side-stepped the dangerous epoch of tooth-cutting; slid through the measles; circumvented the mumps and escaped getting ironed flat by a steam roller. At the end of these periods, he started teasing the fuzz on his upper lip; oggling the girls and otherwise making the usual biped ass of himself, until he eventually found a girl simple enough to take him for "better or worse." There wasn't any of the "better" in young Stelger. It had all leaked out along the way.

But the jane married him and started stuffing his hide full of home-made doughnuts, real bread and hot waffles. In a few years, Stelger had grown fat and ornery, while his wife had grown weary of his chronic grouch. Incidentally, she had shed her molars and grown accustomed to the hand-made variety. Without them, she was defenseless and "not lovely to look upon."

Away back in January, 1919, Stelger came home one evening with an unusually well developed grouch. He opened the "bawl" by introducing a choice line of epithets aimed directly across the table.

Harriet, countered with a decanter full of red pepper. What didn't light in Stelger's eye, slid down the rear of

his shirt collar where it started getting busy. He connected with the water-"bucket" and, aiming too high, spilled the contents against Harriet's landscape. She tried to punch him full of buttonholes, using the family jack-knife as a drill, but he beat her to it by jolting her false teeth loose, sticking them in his pocket and beating it for the office. Harriet's face looked like an abandoned gravel pit and she couldn't go out on the street without taking a chance of getting pinched for obstructing the traffic.

They finally wound up in the usual place—the divorce court. Judge Lazansky wanted to know what all the ruction was about.

"He kicked me in August" wailed Harriet, and the Judge yelled for the clerk to look it up and see if August was a minor or major section of the human anatomy.

"Yes, and she threw cayenne pepper in my eyes" quoth Stelger.

"He's a liar" lisped Harriet, adding with a snap of her toothless jaws, "he took my teeth and he's got 'em yet."

The Judge sagged back. The meanest man had been found.

———Q———

His voice is harsh, his ways are rough,
Yet many friends has Amos.
He knows just how to brew the stuff
That made Milwaukee famous.

———Q———

I'm going to see a doctor.
What's the matter, are you sick?
No, I'm thirsty.

———Q———

Why do they always picture angels with a halo over their heads?

Why lady, that's not a Halo, that's a spare tire.

RECKLESS STEVE

—Q—

STEVE TYBURSKI (if you can't pronounce it, then cough it) got along all right until he hitched up with the fifth or ninth wife without taking the trouble to divorce or decease the previous. In Steve's home town of New York, the custom of polygamy is successfully practiced only by the "better class" and Steve didn't trot on that track.

Steve met Agnes away back in the early days of 1911. It didn't take him long to win 'er heart and what few silver eagles she had acquired. He hung around her kitchen for a few years and then trekked away after the third one started calling him "Paw-paw." And then he met Mary.

He married Mary in 1917 but he must have had his fingers crossed for it didn't take any to notice. The first time a youngster needed paregoric, Steve hit the grit. He wasn't adapted to the profession of floorwalker; and besides there were other unmarried Marys.

It didn't take him long to find one of them. Mary Gish tripped up to the altar and passed out that time-frayed stuff above this "love, honor and obey" business and again Steve's digits were entwined!

But it took that time, in spite of the charm and twisted pill-twirlers.

Mary had some "jewelry" she had grabbed off at different bargain-counter sales, and one day Steve wanted a fresh bottle of home-brew and hadn't the medium of exchange in sufficient quantity to connect. Mary's gee-gaws went hooching and—

Steve went to jail.

I didn't learn what nationality the last Mary was, but whatever it was, it was hard-boiled. The only tears she shed was just one pair when the police told her they could-

n't turn her loose in the cell with Steve until she deposited the piece of lead pipe she had cached in her sleeve, with the desk sergeant. Mary wept!

She also spoke. Steve was thereupon charged with grand larceny and suspected of being married more times than Mary's list of marriages disclosed. It will be summer squash season in Iceland before Steve gets out.

He should have followed Stillman's advice and "vamped 'em" instead of coaxing 'em to be led to the altar.

———Q———

Kay Laurel says that being in love is like a scenic railway, the thrill doesn't last long.

* * * * *

Woman's latest motto: Never scream in a taxi if you want to ride with the same fellow again.

* * * * *

Some people think that if Roy Gardner escapes a few times more and if Fatty Arbuckle has a few more wild parties, they ought to be able to make a film with Clara Hamon.

* * * * *

A man who says he's never been kissed is a liar, but a woman who says she's never been kissed is—only a woman.

* * * * *

It's really hard to call some of the girls "skirts" any more, isn't it?

* * * * *

Many a bootlegger is objecting to the association against prohibition on account of it hurting their business.

A SOBBY FINISH

—Q—

DID you ever hear of a "laughing jackass?" No! Well, it's a bird!

Old "Doctor" Crafts, the head mogul of the anti-joy league—the Blue Sabbathiers—is cavorting round the country telling the alive generations of Yanks, that he's about all inski—"too old for actual service and out of sympathy with the cause"—but that he proposes to spend his few remaining weeks in cutting down the giggle-makings for we sinners.

Old Doc reminds me of that bird!

Only instead of laughing, he groans.

He doesn't believe in movies, because, when one goes to the movies and sees something to laugh at, the element of which Doc is such a shining gob of gloom, feel their feet slipping.

That gang of murk-hurlers subsist and exist solely upon the credulence of the scissorbill. As intelligence supersedes superstition, that gentry finds its mystic brand of verbal softsoap harder to apply.

Doc smiles broadly because during the absence of five million young Americanu huskies, the dustlickers slipped over their Sahara law. He intimates that every man who protests against the 18th Amendment is an undesirable citizen and a stew-bum.

I glean from numerous columns, that during his more frisky days, Doc "parsoned" in at least three different shades of churches. As each one claims to have the only well-defined trail, Doc's record as a parson is plenty evidence that he wasn't quite sure of his ground—that he wabbled nervously in his choice of "faiths"—a practical admission that he might have been wrong in his choice of either or all.

Like others of his ilk, he is not willing the younger generations should enjoy their life in their own way, as he enjoyed his life in the way he chose.

With his toes pointed straight and close to the course's end—making the last lap just before the choir starts that creepy music—ears plugged for fear he'll hear old Abe tooting that ramshorn bugle—he blandly proposes to pull down the blinds on the world's small joys.

It's a pity that men's sense of justice becomes so puckered up and scrawny with age! Not all men become human crabs, but enough to keep the world and the inhabitants thereof, in a continual turmoil.

When a man gets to that stage or age that he admits his batteau is about due to bump the rocks, why the Heck can't he be generous enough to slip out without disturbing the furniture?

I never met old Doc. He doesn't do much mooching out of his narrow circle—his narrow circle of narrow minds and pigmy souls. He is of that narrow, orthodox clan, that hates joy; despises happiness and damns laughter.

Because he saw one man "drunken with too much wine" he jumps at the conclusion that the entire race is a passel of soaks. Because he sees one family in church (and one lousy nickel in the collection plate) and ten families out in the fresh air and sunshine, he starts "riding circle" on the entire human herd—*he wants us all to become as narrow and miserable and orthodox as his narrow gauge clan.*

He can't stand the jolt of smoking a cigarette or the "drag" of a briar root, so he rails against the "filthy weed" and promises to work until stopped by the Reaper, for the prohibition of tobacco.

Unable to win a wrestling match with a bottle of timid hooch, he would deny those who could, the pleasure Nature denied him.

After trying three different and distinct religious trails, he finds himself at the age of 71, a bit fearful lest in his haste and younger days, he picked the wrong one. And so he generalizes. He joins hands with the joy-assassins of every creed. He mingles freely, albeit anxiously, with the same class of bigots whose ancestors burned men and women at the stake because they differed as to which road to take. He clasps tightly and in sombre gladness, the outstretched pie-hook of the dry whose cellar is filled from coal-bin to door with the "thrice damned stuff" denied only to those who toil. Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, anything, all-things orthodox, they are "brothers, under the skin," in the eyes of patriarch Crafts—king-pin of the joy-killers—these Blue Sabbathiers, the hangovers of Inquisitorial days.

———Q———

If Volstead ever catches cold
Or ever suffers from the "grip"
I wonder if he'd be so bold
As to take a tiny sip.

———Q———

Sinner:—"What shall I do in order to go to Heaven?"
Saint:—"Die."

———Q———

"How did you get that black eye?"

"Well, you know that lady I go with, whose husband is supposed to be overseas?"

"Yes, but what has that to do with the eye?"

"Well, he ain't overseas no more."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of the QUIRT, published monthly at Minneapolis, Minnesota, for October, 1921.

State of Minnesota,

ss.

County of Hennepin

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Near, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of the QUIRT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, J. M. Near, Minneapolis, Minn.
Editor, J. M. Near, Minneapolis, Minn.
Managing Editor, none.
Business Managers, none.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and address of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
J. M. Near, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

J. M. NEAR, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1921.

Thos. G. Taylor,
Notary Public, Hennepin County.
(My commission expires Sept. 10, 1926.)

The Government is only interested in what you earn. It's the police who want to know how? and where?

—Q—

Although the war is over there is still trouble "brewing."

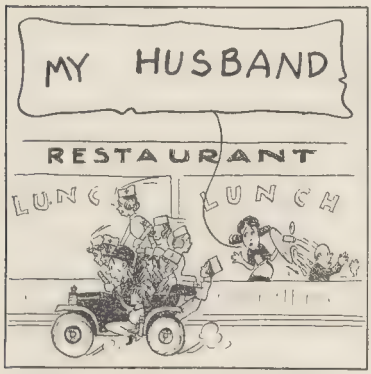
NINETY-FIVE TO ONE

—Q—

IT'S a gittin' so's a man cayn't hev hiz own way no more 'thout gittin' carved loose fr'm his pie card.

Claude Shepherd of that wicked village of Denver has a heart under his shirt front, bigger than a boxcar —and no more home sweet home than a jackrabbit.

Claude's wife had a perfectly good job wrangling sandwiches in a Denver eat-'em-quick emporium and Claude had ninety plunks rolling in from a near relative — an Uncle Sam. All he's got left is some of the ninety; and all because he loved, not wisely, but too many.



They've got the sagebrush hewed away out around Denver so the flivvers won't get slivers in their lungs and Claude wanted to own one of the things that made our Uncle Hainry famous. He didn't have enough rabbit hides to swap for one and his credit at the "one dollar down and a dollar a week as long as you live" stables, was below par, so he broached the subject to his other half. She fell and Claude led a half-broke Hainry home one evening and parked it under the kitchen sink.

It didn't seem to make much difference whether the animal was stuffed with Johndee's revenue getter or undertaker's joy water, it ran and rambled—and eventually raised Cain with Claude's domestic science class.

In one Denver hospital there were, according to Claude's count, ninety-five female nurses and none of them owned a flivver. He felt that his entire duty to his Country

had not been discharged at the time K. Bill started Dutchward, so he appointed Claude Shepherd, Esq., as nurse-herder and head-flivver pilot, sans salary but "heap big time."

At that, he'd made it all right only the dodgasted gas batteau wasn't built to seat five less than a hundred and he had to relay the outfit on a two-in-one schedule. That is, he loaded two girls in the flivver where but one was supposed to fit. In plain Mohawk, he packed ten giddy nurses in that five small passenger Hank and then:

Well, he made the mistake of steering the honk of that gondola right past the dug-out where friend wife was juggling sinkers. That's when the fight started.

Claude had so many nurses to "air" that he didn't have time to drag his hard-working wife through the ozone and, woman like, she got peeved. And she told the judge. A woman *can't* keep a secret—especially one that contains ten frolicsome nurses, a wayward flivver and a careless man.

Sure, the judge cut Claude adrift! They always do. Judges seem to be endowed with a lack of humor—and appreciativeness.

Claude was repaying some of our debt to LaFayette or some other dead and gone creditor; working his blooming head off and the gas cart into an early junk pile, trying to "air out" ninety-five iodoform scented guineas and just because his wife kicked: *blooey!* and he's shy one wife, one flivver and one downy bed.

Such is life! The more one loves, the more one courts —trouble.

———Q———

Good works, not fireworks, prove patriotism.

PLANTING A PRINCE

—Q—

WHEN old baldheaded Prince Braganza, Duke of Oporto and a bum of the royal house of Portugal, flipped his last blue chip into Father Time's "kitty" the world in general got an awful shock—it was the first intimation the Universe had that old baldy had even *been!* His obituary was accorded fair "position" in the papers, not because he was a royal cadaver, but because piled high about him, was several million American dollars.

The sobs of a million hungry babes scarce secures five lines of agate type, but let the $ signal snap out in an editorial room and Bingo! from lounge lizard to chief, they *all* move!

And so it was with the hairless one. His birth was recorded in two strokes of a quill pen; his life's achievements summed up with a short row of ciphers; his "entangling matrimonial alliance" with several million plunks and a much-married and "beautiful" widow, got by with a column or two, but when he kicked off and his widow's millions began to revolve, old baldy "came into his own."

When he loafed around European "courts," boasting of that portion of his ancestry that had died with its boots on (and keeping mum about those who had croaked as a finale to some shady deal), his wife was footing the bills. She had won him, with his gouty hoof and his barren title, with his bald old dome and his useless life, and, as she didn't have anything else to play with, she let the old man's senile pomposity run riot as an amusement.

Then one day he quit. His clock stopped. He was a dead duke. Mother Nature had grown tired of his fussing around and had knocked him for goal.

And then the widow noticed that she was slipping. She had no more "royal blood" in her carcass than she had

of Carter's ink. She found that even the Portugese hadn't any weeps to spare for a dead duke. They didn't even want to pay the cost of planting him in the royal tomb! When his widow suggested that he was a member of the royal line, the populace placed one thumb against their nose and wiggled their smallest finger at a clothes-line.

Finally, after the old fellow had laid around unburied for "dinged nigh" two years and was beginning to spoil, the "princess" hit upon a scheme to get rid of him and let the house air out a bit.

She had his dome measured for a "crown"—a diadem (she had it doped out he wouldn't get one of the latter where he lit!) and she started out crown-shopping. All over Europe she paddled. Nothing that suited her. To New York she came.

They sure understand the game of "get the jack" in that little village. The Princess told 'em the kind of crown she wanted—"never mind the cost." They didn't!

When she got through, she had a crown for the deceased duke that cost more than a New York city election. She had a silver and bronze coffin that weighed more than the entire royal family could lift. It tipped the beam at better than a thousand pounds. It cost more than a king's ransom, plus war tax. And after she had both pieces of useless junk paid for and collected, she had them brought to the pier under a heavy guard and shipped to Lisbon, where she had left the duke.

She finally got the old geezer packed away, but not until she had exported a corps of Yankee embalmers to mummyize him—the European ones refused to tackle the job.

Some weeks ago she made the final arrangements for the grand blow-out—the hoisting of the junk-heap into place in the royal museum (I guess the nabobs call it a

"mausoleum") alongside the other royal "has beens" of Portugal.

Press reports frankly state that "what it will cost Mrs. Van Valkenburg to overcome the republican prejudices of Portugal to bring about this entirely unrepublican funeral is not known."

Well, let's guess at it. It will cost more to get that old bald-headed guy into his "niche in the palace of dead plutes" than his entire life was worth. It will take more dollars to shelve him and his costly over-coat and his bauble of a crown, than will be expended by the parasites of Portugal in providing a year's bread for its horde of hungry. It will cost the price of a thousand homes; of ten million hearty meals; of a million pairs of shoes; of a Mediterranean of nutritious soup. And the world starves and shivers and dies. And famine stalks and disease rages and:

A lump of common clay is stowed away in a silver casket; a bauble, almost priceless in its cost—worthless in its uselessness—above his head; rich fabrics touch his nerveless shoulders and laces rarer than human joys, lay lightly against his lifeless cheeks and:

Let's smile at the mockery, the sham, the pretense, the hypocrisy!

———Q———

New ballad entitled: "I may be gone for a *long, long* time!" By Fatty Arbuckle.

———Q———

A new sign on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago: "You are a long ways from a saloon, but Near-Beer."

MOVIE NEWS

—Q—

HER romance wrecked, her air castles in ruins, and her future in doubt, pretty Florence Kitturia Beveridge, 19, film actress of Hollywood, is still waiting while San Francisco police search for Dwight Murphy, who she says deserted her after a seven-day honeymoon.

Search of the records of the County clerk at Santa Barbara, where they were married, failed to show that a license had ever been issued to Miss Beveridge and Murphy.

Miss Beveridge is a striking beauty of the brunette type and has appeared in a number of pictures made here in the past two years. She had a part in "The Hawk's Trail" and in "The Great Reward," both produced by Louis Burston. It is said that more recently she has worked at Universal Studio.

Her friends yesterday declared she possesses marked talent and united in predicting a brilliant future for her should she return to the cinema world.

She told the police in San Francisco that she and her husband had planned to go to Chicago; that he left her in a picture theatre and when she returned to the Odeon Hotel, where they were staying, he had disappeared with all of his possessions, leaving her with but five dollars.

———Q———

New song: "No matter how short her skirts, remember she's still your mother."

———Q———

When a man is in a hole, people begin to throw in the dirt.

—Q—

Live to be 150 and own your home.

—Q—

The modern evening gown is a case of "back to nature."

NO HOOCH, NO HIGH-ROLLERS

—Q—

EXCUSE ME, please, for dragging old Peg Hopkins across these pages again this month, but I can't resist the temptation.

One thing, you've got to give it to old paint-face; she saveys the route to the front page. It doesn't make any difference how moral the great moral slush-rag is, it always swabs off a box seat for Peg's gabble.

Peg's been over in France for several months, lapping up cognac and trying to hook some pin-headed plutocrat of war-ridden and cootie laden France. If she isn't kidnaping a banker's son, she's watching his sire wiggle out of a breach of promise suit. If she isn't eloping with one of the snobility, she's tickling the mutton-chops of a retired Britisher.

Not long ago, after she had run a banker's son ragged and his adult parents eight-tenths nutty, making them think she was going to Amazon the young prig, she broke forth in loud giggles to the effect that one season in Paris was worth ten in New Yawk—and then she proceeded to elucidate.

"You can't make a society center of any city," quoth Peg, "if they have to lap up aqua with their hay. Take New Yawk. Why, we society folks can't have any fun in that village. Get a gang of we brilliants corralled in one room and in five minutes the talk's got cobwebs on it. You've gotta have a few cocktails before the *real* stuff begins to Niagara. And champagne? Say, Raymond, you can't stow a brace of champagne containers in a vanity case! They've gotta have room. Old Volstead et al, sure battened down the main hatch when they forced us to conceal our contraband in a pocket flask.

It's me for Paris—and I'm not alone. We're all going —some of us are gone."

Among them, I find listed such famous flapdoodles as a Mrs. Percival Hill, who has laid down the shin-plaster for a "sweet" of rooms at the Maurice. As Mr. Percy is not mentioned in the wireless, I am forced to the conclusion that he's "somewhere in Yankee-land" rustling for the cush with which to keep the Parisian expense account from exceeding the speed limit.

Mrs. John Lorimer Worden tried out a few European villages such as Cheese-Slav-ick and Carl's worse, but she didn't like 'em so she treked back to Paris. The Carls-worse hamlet must be a tough spot for water-soaks. That's the place where they dip up the alleged "water" and sell it with two red devils on the label (and six in every drop) as a "tonic." Lap up one quart of that bilge-juice and in five hours, you're nothing but a vacuum with a hide stretched over it. No wonder Ma Lorimer-Worden got cognac hungry!

Even our old side-kicker, Frank Crane, has grown weary of this Volsteadian hooch. Frank has pre-empted a front porch and an open-worked clothes closet with the epileptic couch that usually accompanies the other domestic scenery.

The natives of Rue de Freuil have decided that they are to have Frankie for a steady ornament, as he has been caught wringing the dew out of his socks and mangling them against the snubbing-post out in the alley, and otherwise exhibiting symptoms of becoming Astorized.

There are several others (that we can get along nicely without) but as the most of 'em add a fresh set of monickers to the single-barreled ones the old folks give 'em, I get sick of trying to catalog 'em all.

The average "society" pee-wee, as soon as *it* gets its name in the fudge column of any daily paper, climbs out on the limb with three or four names that no birth record gives

them a lease on. The freckled-faced she-brat that old folks Smith dubbed, "Ann," becomes, when she starts doing the hoochie-coochie, known as "Annabella-Rockawell-Frittington-*Smythe*"—but she's Ann.

But Peg! O, don't fuss, Lester! Peg's got more company than lots of farmers have got calves. And when I read the list of self-exported patriots that have congregated in Europe, I'd be glad of Volsteadism, if it wasn't for the angel voices twittering in every slug of moonshine.

———Q———

An old Irishman, who had recently recovered from a severe sickness, chanced to meet the parish priest, who had been summoned during his illness to administer the rites of the church to the dying, as he was considered to be near death's door, and the following conversation took place:

"Ah, Pat, I see you are out again. We thought you were gone sure; you had a very serious time of it."

"Yis, yer riverence, indade I had."

"When you were so near death's door, were you afraid to meet your God, your maker?"

"No, indade," replied Pat, "it was the other gentleman."

———Q———

Agent—"But, my dear madam, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse."

"I'll not pay another cent. I've paid reg'lar fer eight years, an' I've had no luck yet."—Life.

———Q———

Church Usher (confidentially)—That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent around to the back door when I called one day on a business errand. Made me transact the business through a servant, too. But I've got even with her.

Friend—You have given her one of the best pews in the church.

Usher—Wait half an hour. She's right where a stained glass window will throw a red light on her nose.—London Ideas.

LEAVE IT TO THE JUDGE!

—Q—

A VENICE, Calif., maiden, young and fair, fully dressed in the latest mode of fashionable and attractive clothing, tripped down to the beach sands.

There to the astonishment of all onlookers, the utter horror of others, and the interesting suspense of a few, she began disrobing.

More and more intimate and secret bits of female wearing apparel appeared and were carefully dislodged to become a part of the growing heap of clothing on the ground at her feet. She finished disrobing and—

But the strain had been too great for the most particular of the onlookers and a burly beach cop, hastily summoned, appeared on the scene.

He arrested her, fully attired in a green bathing suit, and ready for her morning dip.

Haled before the judge, she explained:

"I had my bathing suit underneath my clothes all the time," she said. "Really, I think I was much better attired than those who come down to the water with only a bathrobe thrown across their shoulders."

But the judge differed. He told the fair bather: "It isn't what you wear, young lady, it is how it affects those who see you wearing it. None of these persons standing near you knew you had a bathing suit beneath your clothing. To them, the spectacle of you disrobing as you would in the privacy of your own bedroom must have been shocking."

A Judge oughta know!

———Q———

Rising Prices

Caller—"It's a good thing to teach your boy the value of money, as you are doing."

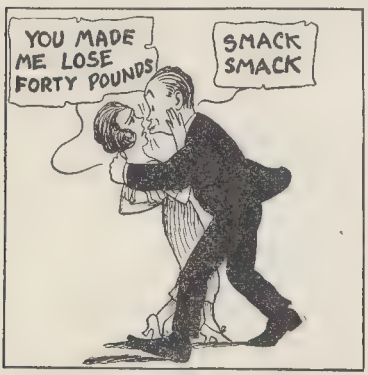
Host—"Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he demands a quarter."—Boston Transcript.

CORNS ON HIS KISSER

—Q—

ROSCOE, the next time you want to perform osculatory acrobatics on your wife's red lips, you had better back away and contemplate the future.

Mrs. Lillian Cummings has started suit for divorce against her husband in a Chicago court in which she alleges as sufficient grounds for complaint, that friend hubby kissed her until she was shy forty pounds avoirdupois.



She declares that every time he came home, he would cave-man her and start bumping his lips against hers until his kisser had corns on it and her lips were so sore she couldn't even masticate thin soup.

He was even known to hoist himself from the table before the maid had a chance to serve dessert and spend the time that civilization usually sets aside for coffee and nuts, in lip-acrobatics.

She rather enjoyed his antics for the first few months, but when she noticed the habit becoming chronic, she entered a mild protest. His reply was so many kisses that she shrunk up like a toad-stool in a hot sun. After the nth month, the only article of wearing apparel that would fit her shrinking shape, was a pair of patent leather pumps she had won at a church raffle.

By the time she had weighed-off an even forty pounds, she decided it was a new set of clothes or a fresh start in life. At the time of this writing Brer. Cummings has

remained about as noisy as a clam. Perhaps he's taking a needed unosculatory vacation.

If his wife isn't lying about his lip-work, the chances are his kisser is swathed in Blue-Hay corn plasters and he hasn't learned the trick of talking through his nose. At any rate, 'tis my private opinion, that some one in the Cummings household lied and it wasn't old man Cummings, either.

I have seen several married couples in my short life, but divil a one have I ever met where the old man wanted to pass up soup or dessert for the privilege of massaging his wife's lips with his mustache supporter, though I have met a few gallants who'd skip the entire midday and evening repast for one quick snap at a blonde stenographer's smacker.

———Q———

Don't fail to read "Abe's" blistering expose of filmdom's libertines in the December *Quirt.*

———Q———

Things must be slow in European courts. The Danish king is reported to have invited Doug and Mary to eat chow in the royal crib. Custard-pie Charley will also attend the "function." Well, what can one expect from a "kink?" Gettin' so they don't care what they royalize with as long as it has the reputation and the jack!

———Q———

At a church entertainment recently given in North Philadelphia, a demure little old maid was to sing a duet with the minister. When their part came a deacon who abhorred punctuation got up and announced:

"Miss Primm will now sing 'Put Me in My Little Bed' accompanied by the minister."

And the congregation arose and sang.

"A PRODIGAL PAW"

—Q—

I have been asked so many times for back copies containing "A Prodigal Paw" that as a matter of self-protection, I have decided to run it again. Here it is:

He had been a soldier in the Union army. He had become wealthy and the proud father of an aristocratic family. One summer he decided to motor with his wife and daughters through the South where he had fought "rebs," fattened camp lice and gnawed hard-tack.

They were rolling slowly along a peaceful valley road while he chattered amiably and steadily.

"Here to our right," he said with a flourish of his arm, "is where my company launched itself against the enemy. Just beyond that stone fence is where I fell—shot through the shoulder by a minie ball.

"Let's get out and walk. If I am not mistaken, just around the next bend of the road we will come upon a tiny cabin where the old black 'Mammy' and her daughter, Cleo, lived. It was their wonderful nursing that brought me back from the shadow of death."

Duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, yet with faces radiant with expectancy, wife and daughters pressed forward. Father was right!

There stood the tiny negro cabin, smothered in a mass of vines and flowers. In the yard a fat wench stood staring idly at the approaching visitors. The ex-soldier stepped to the front and with hat in hand asked:

"My good woman, have you lived here very long?"

"Evah since befoah de wah, suh," came the answer.

"Is your name Cleo?" queried the Northerner.

"Yes suh, mah name am Cleo."

"Do you remember the battle just beyond the bend of

the road and the wounded Yankee soldier who was brought to your cabin?"

"Yes suh, Ah 'membahs de shootin' an' Ah members de sojer, but Ah ain't seen him since he lef' yere."

Turning with a proud smile toward his family and with his chest expansion almost doubled, the ex-soldier said: "Cleo, I'm the wounded Yankee whom you nursed back to life—don't you remember me?"

With eyes fairly popping from her head the big wench stared for a moment and then turning toward the cabin door she bawled out in a voice that could be heard a mile:

"Liza, Liza, fo' Gawd's sake, cum yere an' meet yo' paw!"

———Q———

OLD SHOES

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are sold,
And both in time are turned to mould.
With shoes, the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men-dead too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both peg out—and would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

—Bliss.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR BOYS

—Q—

By Rev. "Golightly" Morrill of Minneapolis

I. Thou shalt not make a God of diamond, gridiron or ring heroes.

II. Thou shalt worship no likeness of "classy" chorus girls hung up in thy bedroom.

III. Thou shalt use God's name in prayer to save thee, and not in profanity to damn thine enemy.

IV. Thou shalt not spend the Sabbath in bed reading the sporting page and comic supplement, or in wearing loud clothes and seeking to "mash" every pretty girl thou beholdest.

V. Thou shalt not dub thy father with the titles "old man" and "fool," or by disobedience and neglect make thy mother regret the hour of thy birth.

VI. Thou shalt not kill thy future usefulness by neglecting present education for a dollar a day job; time, by trashy novels and telling tough stories, and thyself by coffin-nails and cocktails.

VII. Thou shalt not engage in any impure thought, speech or practise, which dwarfs thy body, darkens thy mind and damns thy soul.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal away from school to go fishing, or from home to cheap shows; or steal the heart of thy chum's best girl, and an auto to take her joy-riding.

IX. Thou shalt not lie in winter about thy health when thou art asked to shovel snow, saw wood, tend the fire, or in the good old summer time about attending thy grandmother's funeral when thou sattest in the bleachers at the ball-park.

X. Thou shalt not covet the wad of the millionaire kid to buy a painted society doll for a wife whose only maternal pride is to have a pug dog and a touring car.

AND STILL THEY FALL!

—Q—

WHEN poor, unfortunate, misguided and misled, Virginia Rappe lay nude and dying in the cold bath the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco, Fatty Arbuckle strolled up and with words so vilely lewd that witnesses could not repeat them in the court room, he dropped a piece of ice on the writhing form of the young woman. And yet respectable men and women applaud the face maneuvers of that moral leper! And still municipalities permit that charlatan's films to be shown before an audience of respectable girls! *Why?* Is it because the kale of the kikes over-shadows decency?

In a little Oklahoma city, when the manager of a movie show persisted in putting on a Fatty Arbuckle film, against the protest of the decent citizenry, a bunch of cowpunchers not only "took a hand" but they took the obnoxious film out into the street and burned it. Here's Ho, punchers! May your knees never slip—may you never "pull leather." Here's Ho!

———Q———

A perspiring Negress of elephantine proportions boarded a street car with a wailing infant. All her efforts to quiet the child having failed, she decided that it was the cry of hunger and could only be stilled by nursing.

"Now, Gawge Henry," she crooned, "here am yo' dinner. Take it and shet up."

But Gawge Henry waggled a contrary head and bawled all the louder.

"Lissen, Gawge Henry," warned his mother with a scowl. "If you doan take yo' dinner this minnit I'se gwine to give every bit of it to de conductor."

"CURTAINS?"

—Q—

CLARA HAMON'S film, "Fate," in which the life of Jake Hamon's former concubine is depicted, flickered and otherwise exhibited as a "horrible example" to young girls with similar leanings, flickered out when the promoter attempted to spring the thing on a San Francisco audience. The police department served notice that Clara's sun had set, also that her celluloid reformation stuff was taboo in that sinful city.

Whereat I can see the long green diminish in the Hamon-whatever-it-is-now "first national." Slowly but surely the curtain of public opinion will ring down on the Fatty-Clara brand of gump. It will be the straight and well-fenced trail for these flicker bawds or a back to the kitchen sink quick-step, p. d. q.

———Q———

A wealthy widower of Elizabeth, New Jersey, wanted to plant the pet feline alongside his deceased wife's casket. Tradition and several other things intervened and he had to get permission of the court before kitty-planting time. Why all the protest? Having lived with both, the widower surely was competent to judge where to plant the last to go!

———Q———

Information for Mother

A man had just arrived at a Virginia summer resort. In the afternoon he was sitting on the veranda, when a handsome young woman and her six-year-old son came out. The little fellow at once made friends with the latest arrival.

"What is your name?" he said. Then when this information had been given, he added, "Are you married?"

"I am not married," responded the man, with a smile.

At this the child paused a moment and, turning to his mother, said: "What else was it, mamma, you wanted me to ask him?"

Hello Girls!

I Mean You Guinea's With the Movie Giggles. You Long to "Star" in Some Scenario. You Itch to See Your Face Flicker on a Screen.

In the December
QUIRT

You Can Read the Story of

"Sweet Dardanella"

By "Abe"

Every girl with a longing for filmdom should read this master expose of "The City of Living Dead"; of Fatty, the Falstaf of the Flickers; of "Sweet Dardanella," the Fritter-Tosser and "Movie Star."

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